

A
COLLECTION of all the SONGS,
SUNG

This Season at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone,
Gardens, Sadler's Wells, at both the Theatres, &c.



CONTAINING

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4. Young Colin stole my heart away.
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26. The Pleasures of May.

Shopkeepers Bills on Cards or Paper, printed by C. STAMPSON, in Stonecutter
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1. RURAL FELICITY.

IN the morn as I walk'd thro' the mead,
And tread on the carpet of green,
When I view the sweet flocks as they feed,
What equals the beautiful scene,
Through the groves as I pass'd with delight,
In view of yon ever green pine,
What sensation I feel at the sight,
Of a prospect so rural and fine.

Hark the birds as they perch on the bough,
With melody pleasing the ear,
See the hind from afar with his plough,
Denoting the time of the year:

As I stray'd thro' the neighb'ring vale,
Encompass'd by mountains so high,
Oh! what charms do I find in the day,
By the streams that run bubbling by.

At the foot of yon sycamore tree,
Sits the shepherd a tuning his reed,
While his lambs skip about him with play,
His sheep along side of him feed.

O'er yon beautiful lawn do I see
The hare with timidity fly,
How delightful's the music to me,
Of the echo of dogs in full cry.

But what harmony's that which I hear,
'Tis the bells from yon neighb'ring hill,
O how pleasing's the sound to my ear,
By the side of this murmuring rill.

No pleasure to me is so sweet,
As that which the country gives,
I am happy thank God at my seat,
Where rural felicity lives.

2. The BANKS of the DEE.

IT was summer so softly the breezes were
flowing, [tree
And sweetly the nightingale sung from a
At the foot of a rock when the river was
flowing,

I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet
river, [me ever,

Thy banks purest streams shall be dear to
When I first gain'd the affection and favour
of Jimmy;

The glory and pride of the banks of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me and left me thus
mourning,

To quell the proud rebels for valiant is he,
And yet there's no hopes of his speedy re-
turning,

To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone hapless youth o'er the loud roar-
ing billows, [fellows,

The sweetest and kindest of all his brave
And has left me to mourn amongst these
once lov'd willows, [Dee.

The loneliest maid on the banks of the
But time and my prayers perhaps yet restore
him, [me,

Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to
And when he comes home with such care
I'll watch o'er him, [Dee.

He never shall quit the sweet banks of the
The Dee then shall flow all its beauties dis-
playing, [playing,

The lambs on the banks shall again be seen
Whilst I with my Jimmy am carefully
straying,

And tasting again all the sweet of the Dee.

3. I wish the Wars were all over.

DOWN in the meadow the violets so blue,
There I saw pretty Polly milking her
cow,

The song which she sung made all the grove
ring, [king,

My Billy is gone and left me to serve the
And I wish that the wars were all over.

I rept up to her and made her this reply,
And said my dear Polly what makes you to
cry, [dear,

My Billy is gone from me whom I love so
The Americans will kill him so great is my
fear, And I wish, &c.

I said my dear Polly can you fancy me,
I'll make you as happy as happy can be,
No, no sir, said she, that never can be,
I ne'er shall be happy till my Billy I see.

Standing amaz'd to hear what she said,
The small birds a singing on every green tree
The notes that she sung were nightingale
notes,

How the lark and the linnet warble their
throats. A new

I now with my parents no longer can stay,
But to seek my Billy I'll haste and away,
To see if my Billy will make me his wife,
Free for his sake I will venture my life.

And I wish, &c.

Now to some taylor I'll haste and away,
To rig myself out in some young man's array,
Like a bold fellow so neat and so trim,
So free for his sake I'll go serve the King.

I wish, &c.

4. Young Colin stole my heart away.

THE fields were green the hills were gay,
And birds were singing on each spray,
Young Colin met me in a grove,
And told me tender tales of love,
Was e'er a swain so blythe as he,
So kind, so faithful and so free.

In spite of all my friends could say,

Young Colin stole my heart away.

And when he trips the meadow along,
He sweetly joins the woodlark's song,
And when he dances on the green,
There's none so blythe as Collin seen,
For when he's by I nothing fear,
For I alone am all his care.

In spite, &c.

My mother chides me that I roam,
And seems surpriz'd I quit my home,
She wou'd not wonder why I rove,
Did she but know how much I love,
Full well I know the generous swain,
He ne'er will give my bosom pain.

In spite, &c.

5. The ROSY DAWN,

Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN, at Vauxhall.

WHEN primrose sweet bedecks the year,
And sportive lambkins play,
When lillies in each vale appear,
And music wakes the day;
With joy I meet my shepherd swain,
Come tripping o'er the lawn,
Then hand in hand we range the plain,
To hail the rosy dawn.

Well pleas'd I hear his artless tale,

While rural scenes delight;

Beneath the beech in yonder dale,

His music charms the night.

When morn returns I meet my swain,

Come tripping o'er the lawn;

Then hand in hand we range the plain,
To hail the rosy dawn.

Without a blush to church I'll haste,

With him who has my heart;

While love invites no time I'll waste,

No more we'll ever part.

And when returning with my swain,

We'll trip it o'er the lawn;

While hand in hand we range the plain,

We'll hail the rosy dawn.

6. Down the Burn Davy Love,

Sung by Mrs. HUDSON, at Vauxhall.

WHEN trees did bud and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see,

When Mary was compleat fifteen,

And love laugh'd in her e'en;

Blythe Davy's blinks her heart did move,

To speak her mind thus free,

Gang down the Burn Davy Love,

And I will follow thee.

Now Davy did each lad surpass,

That dwelt on this Burn side,

And Mary was the bonniest lass,

Just meet to be a bride, Blythe Davy, &c.

Her cheeks were roses, red and white,

Her e'en were bonny blue;

Her looks were like Aurora bright,

Her lips like dropping dew. Blythe, &c.

As fate had dealt to him a routh,

Straight to the Kirk he led her,

There plighted her his faith and truth,

And a bonny bride he made her,

No more ashamed to own her love,

Or speak her mind thus free, Gang, &c.

7. The ROSY DIMPLED BOY.

Sung at Mary-le-Bone Gardens.

COME thou rosy dimpled boy,

Source of every heart felt joy,

Leave the blissful bowers a while,

Paphos and the Cyprian Isle,

Visit Britons rocky shore,

Britons to thy powers adore,

Britons hardy, bold and free,

Own thy laws and yield to thee,

Source of every heart felt joy,

Come thou rosy dimpled boy.

Haste to Sylvia, haste away,

This is thine and Hymen's day,

Bid her thy soft bandage wear,
 Bid her for love's rites prepare,
 Let the nymphs with many a flower,
 Deck the sacred nuptial bower,
 Thither lead the lovely fair,
 And let Hymen too be there,

This is thine and Hymen's day,
 Haste to Sylvia haste away.

Only while we love we live,
 Love alone can pleasure give,
 Pomp and power and tinsel state,
 Those false pageants of the great,
 Crowns and scepters, envied things,
 And the pride of Eastern Kings,
 Are but childish empty toys,
 When compar'd to love's sweet joys,
 Love alone can pleasure give,
 Only while we love we live.

8. A Favourite Scotch Song,

Sung by Mr. Wrihten at Vauxhall.

I Winna marry any mon,
 But Sandy o'er the lee,
 I winna ha the Dominee,
 For gued he conna be,
 But I will have my Sandy lad,
 My Sandy o'er the lee.
 For he's aye a kissing, kissing,
 Aye a kissing me.
 I will not have the Minister,
 For all his godly looks,
 Nor yet will I the lawyer have,
 For all his willy crooks;
 I will not have the plowman lad,
 Nor yet will I the miller,
 But I will ha my Sandy Lad,
 Without one penny siller. For he's &c.
 I will not have the soldier lad,
 For he gangs to the war,
 I will not have the sailor lad,
 Because he smells of tar,
 I will not have the lord nor laird,
 For all their muckle gear,
 But I will have my Sandy Lad,
 My Sandy o'er the meir. For he's, &c.

9. ANNA, a Favourite Irish Song.

SHEPHERDS I have lost my love,
 Pray have you seen my Anna,
 Pride of ev'ry shady grove,
 Upon the banks of banna.

I, for her my home forsook,
 Near yon misty mountains,
 Lest my flock, my pipe, my crook,
 Greenwood shade and fountain.
 Never shall I see them more,
 Until her returning,
 All the joys of life are o'er,
 From gladness chang'd to mourning.
 Whether is my charmer flown,
 Shepherds tell me whither,
 Ah! woe for me, perhaps she's gone,
 For ever, and for ever.

10. The Sailor's Lamentation.

OUR ship lays in Coal Harbour,
 And ready for to sail,
 May the Gods above, preserve my love,
 And send me a pleasant gale,
 But of all the women in the world,
 None has my heart but she,
 She has link'd me in her charms,
 Oh! how shall I get free,
 It was down in the country,
 With her I fell in love,
 And if she but constant prove,
 I swear I will not rove;
 But of all the women in the world,
 None has my heart but she
 Who has link'd me so into her charms,
 Oh! how shall I get free,
 I'll search the world all over,
 I'll search the world all round,
 If any tidings are to be had,
 Sure my love will be found.
 But was she born of noble blood,
 And I of low degree,
 To hear my lamentation,
 I'm sure she'd pity me.

I'll send my love a letter,
 And seal it with my own hand,
 While I am sailing on the sea,
 I'll drink to my love on land,
 Of all the women in the world,
 None has my heart but she,
 To hear my lamentation,
 I am sure she will pity me.

11. Love's a Bubble, Sung at Vauxhall.

LOVE's a bubble, courting trouble,
 Whilst we love and love in vain,
 When 'tis over is the lover,
 Having got him worth the pain.

Is love treasure? Is it pleasure,
That can pay whole years of care?
Is the blessing worth caressing?
Speak ye swains, and own ye fair.

Kind we're pleasing, coy we're teasing,
Love's a fond, tatiguing chace,
Smiles deceive us, hopes relieve us,
Hearts our sport from place to place.

Cupid smiling, life beguiling,
Tempt us with the playful toy,
Oft denying, oft complying,
Love's our torment and our joy.

12. Glee, Sung by a Society of Citizens.

THERE are four reasons why we drink,
All orthodox, we really think;
Good wine, our friends, the being dry,
Or lest we should be bye and bye,
Or-----any other reason why.

13. Another by the same.

COME let us drink,
'Tis in vain to think,
Like fools on grief or sadness;
Let our money fly,
And our sorrows die,
All worldly care is madness.

More, more campaigns,
On Yankie plains,
More budgets too will follow;
So we'll drink while able,
Nor quit the table,
Till twelve at noon to-morrow.

14. The Ton, Sung by Mrs. Wrighten, at
Vauxhall, Composed by Mr. Hook.

TOO long the rhim'sters of the age,
Those scribbling sons of strife,
Have dar'd a crow quill war to wage,
With dames of higher life;
I am the sex's championess,
And now stand forth alone,
Prepar'd to rescue and redress,
The ladies of the Ton.

Ye fair who taste, and fashion love,
I summon to my song,
To all the world I'll plainly prove,
We never can do wrong;
Tho trifling duties we neglect,
To modish life unknown,
'Tis sense and reason still direct,
The ladies of the Ton.

If glad we seek the midnight hour,
Which others snore away,
'Tis but to reconsider more,
The labours of the day;
If all the night we pass at whist,
'Tis for reflection done,
In hopes our mem'ries to assist,
And fit us for the Ton.

If dreading pointed ridicule,
To husbands we seem loth,
And with our lovers play the fool,
'Tis tenderness for both;
For kind to these the world derides,
And harsh to those they moan,
So pure compassion only guides,
The ladies of the Ton.

If in our coaches bent in two,
We're tortur'd ev'ry day,
It proves how much we can go through,
When fashion leads the way;
Then mark its pow'r, ye belles and smarta,
For fashion I have shown,
May break the necks, if not the hearts,
Of ladies of the Ton.

15. The Crying and Laughing Song.
Sung by Mr. Vernon at Vauxhall.

WHEN I wake with painful brow,
E'er the cock begins to crow,
Tossing, tumbling in my bed,
Aching heart and aching head,
Pond'ring over human ills,
Cruel bailiffs, taylor's bills,
Flush and Pam thrown up at loo,
When these sorrows strike my view
I cry - - -

And to stop the gushing tear,
Wipe it with the pillow-bier,
But when sportive evening comes,
Routs, ridottos, balls and drums,
Casinos here, festinos there,
Mirth and pastime ev'ry where,
Seated by a sprightly lais,
Smiling with the smiling glais,
When these pleasures are my lot,
Taylors, bailiffs, all forgot,
I laugh - - -

Careless what may then befall,
Thus I shake my sides at all,
Then again when I peruse,
O'er my tea the morning news,

Dismal tales of plunder'd houses,
Wanton wives and cuckold spouses;
When I read of money lent,
At sixteen and a half per cent,

I cry

But if e'er the muffin's gone,
Simp'ring, enters honest John,
Sir, Miss Lucy's at the door,
Waiting in a chaise and four;
Instant vanish all my cares,
Swift I scamper'd down the stairs,
And laugh

So may this indulgent throng,
Who now smiling grace my song,
Never more cry oh! oh! la!
But join with me in ha! ha! ha!

16. A Favourite Hunting Song.

Sung by Mrs. Wrihten, at Vauxhall.

YOU sportsmen draw near you sports-
women too,

Who delight in the joys of the field,
Mankind, tho' they blame are all eager as you
And no one the contest will yield;

His Lordship, his Worship, his Honour,
his Grace,

A hunting continually go, [chace,
All ranks and degrees are engaged in the
Will hark forward, huzza! tally ho! &c.

The lawyer will rise with the first of the
morn,

To hunt for a mortgage or deed;

The husband get up at the sound of the horn
And rides to the common full speed;

The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game
The poet too, often lays low,

Who mounted on Pegasus rides after fame,
With hark forward, huzza! tally ho! &c.

17. A Favourite Scotch Song.

LOW in a vale young Willy sat,
Beneath a craggy hill,
And there pour'd forth his sad complaint,
To trees and murmur'ing rill.

Ah! once I was a happy swain,
A happier could not be;

I cheerful fed my flocks all day,
And Jenny smil'd on me.

Her face is like the blooming may,
Her well form'd neck is fair;
Her e'en like sparkling diamonds shone,
And golden glists her hair.

But why do I admire her charms,
She pays my tears with scorn;
She breaks her vows, she mocks my grief,
And leaves me here to mourn.

Then why do I her flights endure,
I'll to yon river's side;
I won't delay, but yield my breath,
Unto the chrystal tide.

Now Jenny, hid behind a bush,
Heard the swain's doleful will;
She wept and said, you shall not go,
For now I love you still.

When Willy turn'd, he with surprize,
Beheld his Jenny dear;
Sweet maid he said your pity saves,
Altho' death was so near.

She said, no more my cruelty,
Shall yield you to despair?
He said ne'er more I'll part with thee,
Jenny my charming fair.

18. The SUMMER DAY.

THE sun in splendor rides supreme,
Along the azure road,
And darts to earth his fiercest beam,
From his intense abode.

The labourer plies his hardy toil,
Throughout the sultry day,
And stirs him o'er the parch'd-up soil,
To make the new mown hay.

The birds the open'd spray forego,
And seek the close grown hedge;
The kine within the waters low,
And crop the marshy sedge.

The traveller faints beneath the rays,
Fierce darting o'er his head,
And wishes in repose to lay,
Along the grass grown bed.

The lover seeks the noon tide shade,
Of yon embowering grove,
And, ardent, wooes the willing maid,
And fills her breast with love.

The school-boy hies him to the stream,
His sultry limbs to lave,
And, dreading Sol's impetuous beam,
Darts deep beneath the wave.

Still evening comes---when all restor'd,
The grateful breezes rise,
And grateful hearts in praise accord,
That summer suns arise.

(7)
19. An Invocation to the Fair Sex.

YE fair british beauties the boast of the world,
[falsely curl'd,
Disdain your french faces, and heads
Cease, cease the vain follies you idly pursue,
They'll no longer exist when discarded by you,

Example from beauty will sooner reclaim,
Than a thousand dull satirists, scribbling for fame;
[rude ease,
Tis their's to find fault, and exclaim with
Tis your's to new-mould all the men as you please;

Then nobly distinguish the pow'r that's giv'n
And merit the praises of earth, and of heav'n.

20. A PASTORAL.

Sung by Mr. VERNON, at Vauxhall.

THE happy moments now are near,
When Delia promis'd to be here
Calm stillness rules, no zephyrs move,
The hour is soft, and calls to love.

But hark! there's music! 'tis her voice!
Tis Delia sings, ye birds rejoice;
Hush every breeze, let nothing move,
For dearest Delia sings of love.

Come, let this soft enchanting scene,
These mazy walks, for ever green,
Let this light excluding grove,
Incline my fair to hear of love.

Cupid is jealous of his pow'r,
O, come then, this is Hymen's hour,
If Delia does my claim approve,
This is the hour for joy and love.

21. The LOVELORN SWAIN.

WHERE contending, angry billows,
Prattle on the ocean's side,
Where a group of pensive willows,
Over-hang the mourn'ring tide,

There, beneath the pallid moon,
Colin's ghost shall wander soon;
In the dark nocturnal shade,
With a sigh the tempest aid.

Unly strive the swains to please me,
Vainly smiles the gaudy plain;
An angel's self could ease me,
Or assuage my ceaseless pain;
For the charming maid I love,
Does my passion disapprove;
Still the unrelenting fair,
Sees, nor pities my despair.

By the limpid, chrystal fountain,
Shelter'd by the waving pine,
Near the foot of yonder mountain,
What transcendant joys were mine;
Now no more this breast shall know,
Ought but plenitude of woe;
Nothing can my bosom warm,
Music's self hath fail'd to charm.

Say then, Cupid, shall I languish,
Shall I still my grief sustain;
Live in unremitting anguish,
Or shall Death arrest my pain?

Celia's heart I ne'er can move,
Celia's ear is deaf to love;
Death alone can comfort give—
All that Colin can receive.

22. A favourite Hunting Cantata.

Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN, at Vauxhall.
RECITATIVE, accompanied.

OYES! O yes! a proclamation's made,
Dianna soon the woods begins to cheer;
Her will and pleasure then must be obey'd,
And at her call her nymphs and train be here.

From Sleep's downy charms,
Each a hunter must rise,
The horn's loud alarms,
Bids us slumber despise.

From the East the gay morning discovers her
face, [the chase;
And hounds, man, and horses now pant for

Not gates, floods, or mounds,
Our speed can allay;
Hark! the hollow resounds,
As we follow our prey.

Hills and vallies we leave in a moment
behind; [the wind,
We cheer the deep woodland, and outstrip

Our bold female train,
No dangers dismay;
Fear checks them in vain,
They share in the day;
They lead the gay band, while the deer is in
view, [pursue.

Like lightning he flies, and as fast they
The brisk driving chace
Enlivens each vein,
Gives bloom to each face,
And disperses all pain.

May

May the joys of the field be our sport and our
play, [away.

Wake, wake, at the call of the hark! hark!

23. A Ballad Sung at RANELAGH.

YE wittlings of a witless age,
Say, have ye spent your puny rage,
On those you ought to guard?
Ye have! and know that for your toil,
From all whose wisdom decks this isle,
Contempt is your reward.

From us, whose weakness ye have rais'd,
And high on Folly's standard blaz'd,
Take pity in return;

We would not act a vengeful part,
Yet, in love's flame no virgin heart,
For you shall ever burn.

Go, go—and your own follies scan,
Nor longer ape—but act the man,

And mend ye if ye may;
To him alone in whom we find,
Good sense, good nature, courage join'd,
We yield a willing sway.

24. A Welcome to the Spring, a New Song
Sung by Mrs. Farrel, at Ranelagh.

HAIL young Spring! the earth adorning

Drive old winter far away;

Call the rosy finger'd morning,

Deck the sun in radiance gay.

Flora, bring thy sweetest treasure,

Zephyr, waite thy softest gale,

Chant, ye birds, the song of pleasure,

Echo, warble it thro' the vale.

Leafless, tunefull, unendearing,

Mourn'd the long-deserted grove;

But, sweet Spring, at thy appearing,

All is harmony and love.

25. THE BROKER'S DAUGHTER.

To the Tune of NANCY DAWSON.

IN ——— street there lives a lass,

whose charms do all her sex surpass,

'Tis dangerous for a man to pass,

She makes of hearts such laughter;

Her face, her shape, her easy air,

Her voice, her mien, her skin so fair,

With Venus' self might well compare.

O charming broker's daughter.

At me she lately aim'd

I thought a lancet pierc'd my heart,

The cure was past all doubt

Such skill had Cupid taught her;

My appetite for food is flown,

And such a skeleton I'm grown,

That by my friends I scarce am known;

All through the broker's Daughter.

Now tamarinds no more can please,

Nor yet the sweet prepar'd by bees,

No cordial can my grief appease,

Not even nutmeg water;

My spirits, harts-horn cannot rouze,

Nor opium give me soft repose;

My life, like wormwood, bitter grows,

All for the Broker's daughter.

Since then no med'cine I can find,

To heal my wounds, or ease my mind,

I'll strive to make the fair one kind,

If Cupid love has taught her;

But yet, if vain should prove the strife,

And she refuse to be my wife,

Then Mercury shall end my life,

O cruel Brokers' Daughter.

26. The PLEASURE of MAY.

OH! spread thy green mantle, Sweet May,

o'er the ground;

Drive the blasts of chill Winter away;

Let the birds sweetly carrol, thy slow

smile round,

And let us wish all nature be gay.

Let spleen, spite, and envy, those clouds

the mind,

Be dispers'd by the sunshine of joy;

The pleasures of Eden had blest a human kin

Had no fiend enter'd there to destroy.

As May, with her magic, can warm the

earth,

Let each fair with the season improve; [may

Be widows restor'd from their mourning

And hard-hearted maids yield to love.

The soldier turn'd shepherd, soft passion

learn,

And breathe out his vows in the shade

The divine become warlike, in scolic,

turn.

The stiff band to a sprightly cockade,

Tho' the red coat and black coat this

transforms,

And melts marble hearts into sighs; [war

Sweet May can do more, for it wakens,

And gives spirits to beaux, and to sies

Bring roles and myrtles to crown the gay

Its joy let each bosom impart;

When pleasure is giv'n, and left by each

Tis the May of the mind and the heart.

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